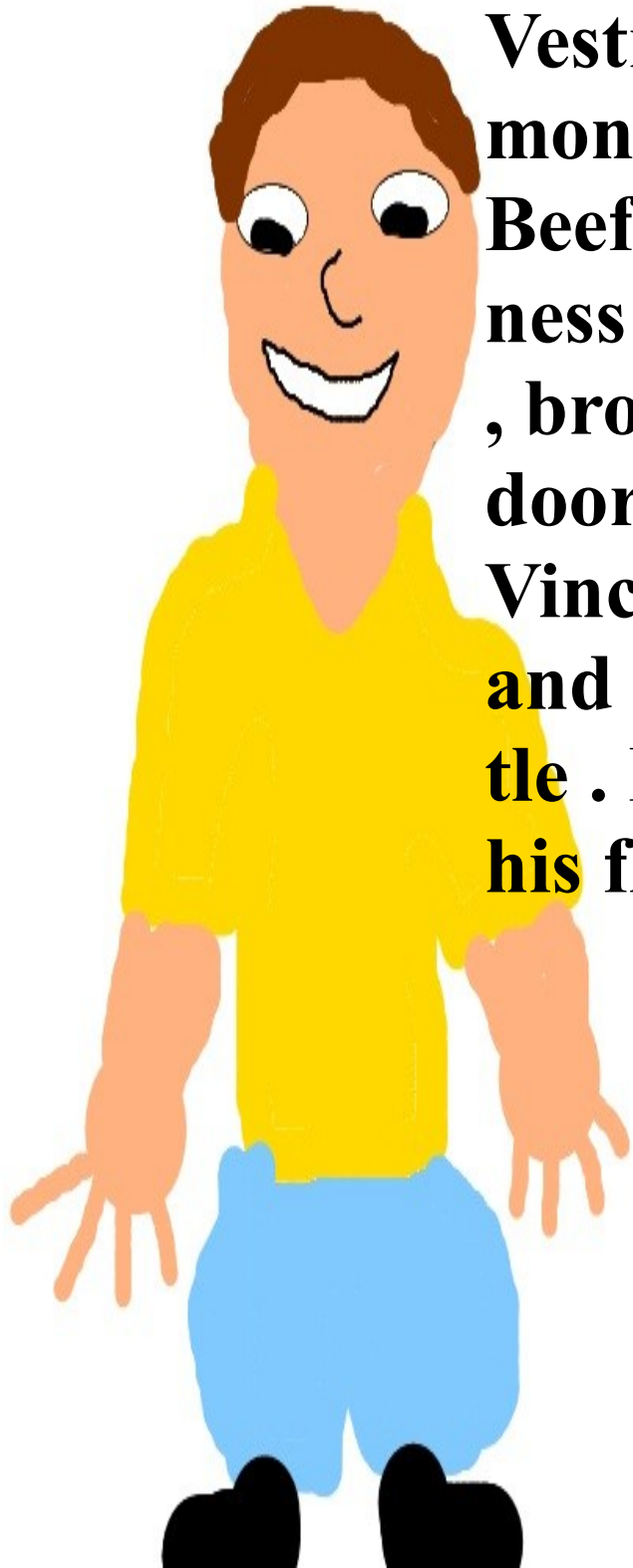


Illustrated by Lauren Chandran  
Wrote by Kevin Caromed and Paul  
Kelly

From  
Little Things  
Big Things  
Grow

Gather around people let me tell  
you're storey of power and pride .  
British Lord Vestey and Vincent Lin-  
gairri. Were opposite men on opposite  
sides.





**Vestry was fat with  
money and muscle .  
Beef was his busi-  
ness  
, broad was his  
door .**

**Vincent was lean  
and spoke very lit-  
tle . He had dirt was  
his floor .**







**From little things big things  
grow  
From little things big things  
grow**

Gurindji were working for nothing but rations

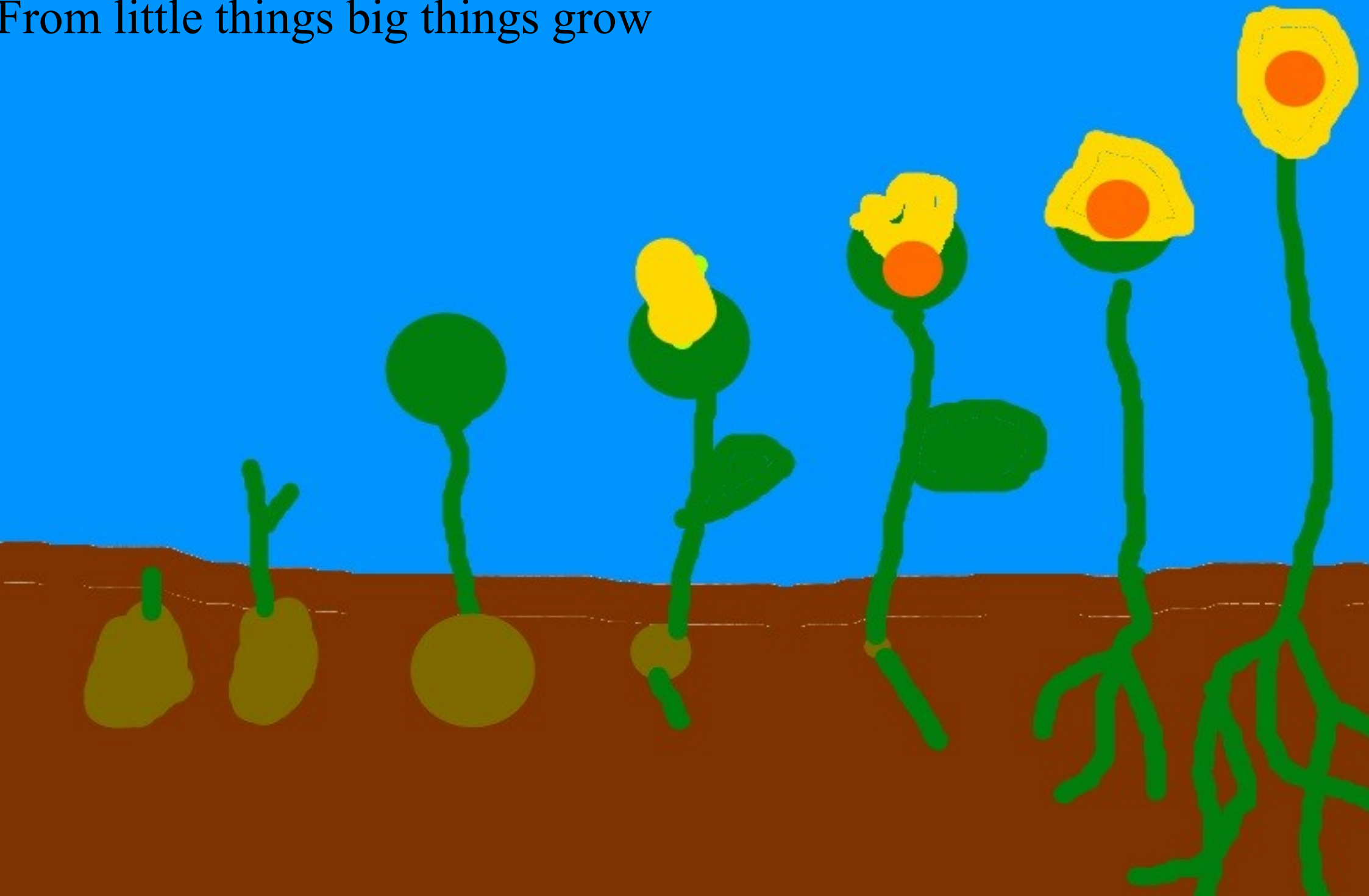
Where once they had gathered the wealth of the land. Daily the pressure got tighter and tighter. Gurindju decide they must make a stand



**They picked up their swags and started off walking. At Wattie Creek they sat themselves down sounds like much but it sure got tongues talk. Back at the homestead and then in the town.**



From little things big things grow  
From little things big things grow





Vestey man said I'll double  
your wagers. Seven quid a  
week you'll have in your  
hand. Vincent said uhuh  
we're  
not talking about wages.  
We're  
sitting right here till we get  
our land Vestey man  
roared and Vestey thun-  
dered . You don't stand the  
chance of a cinder in snow .  
Vince said if we fall others  
are rising

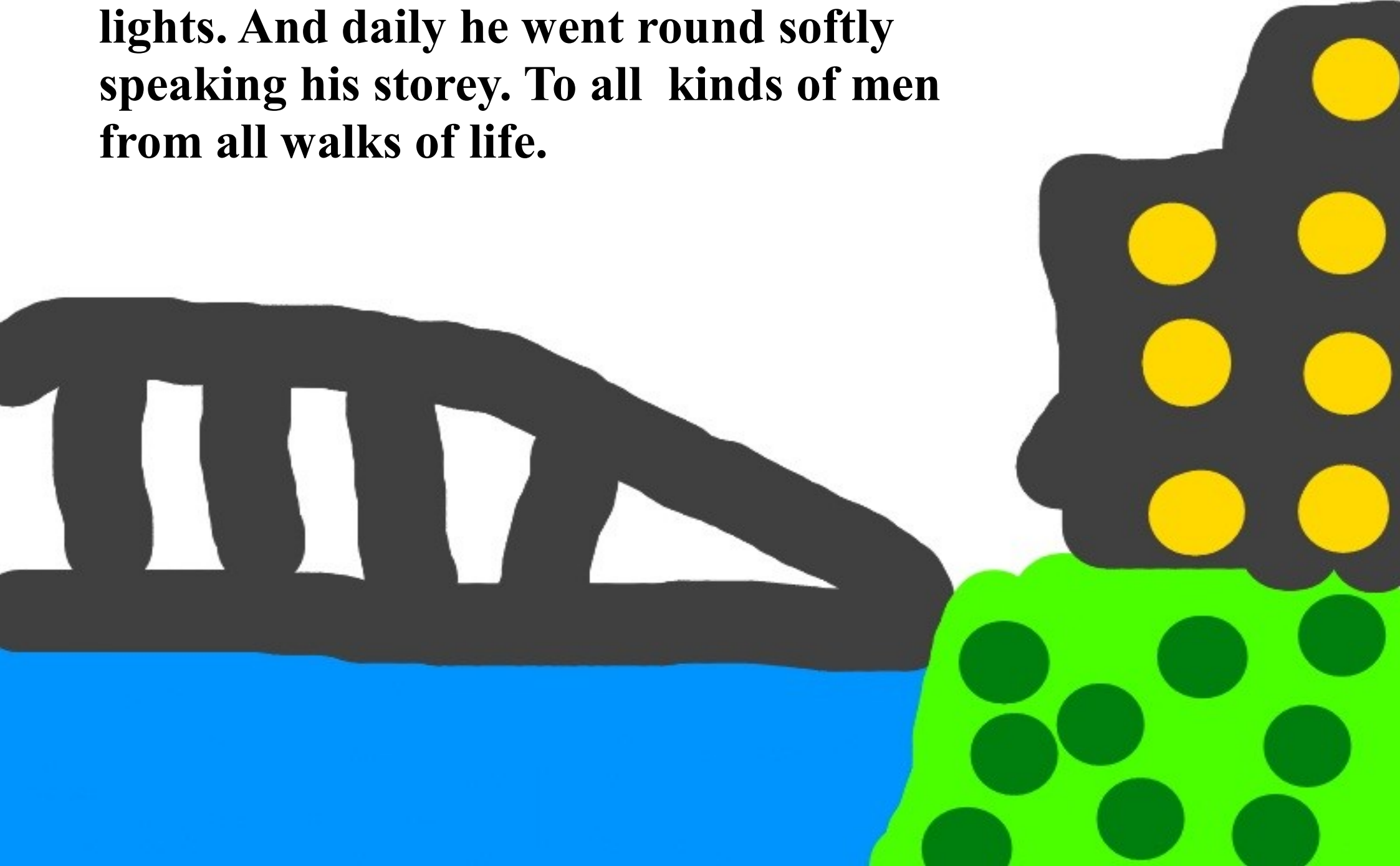


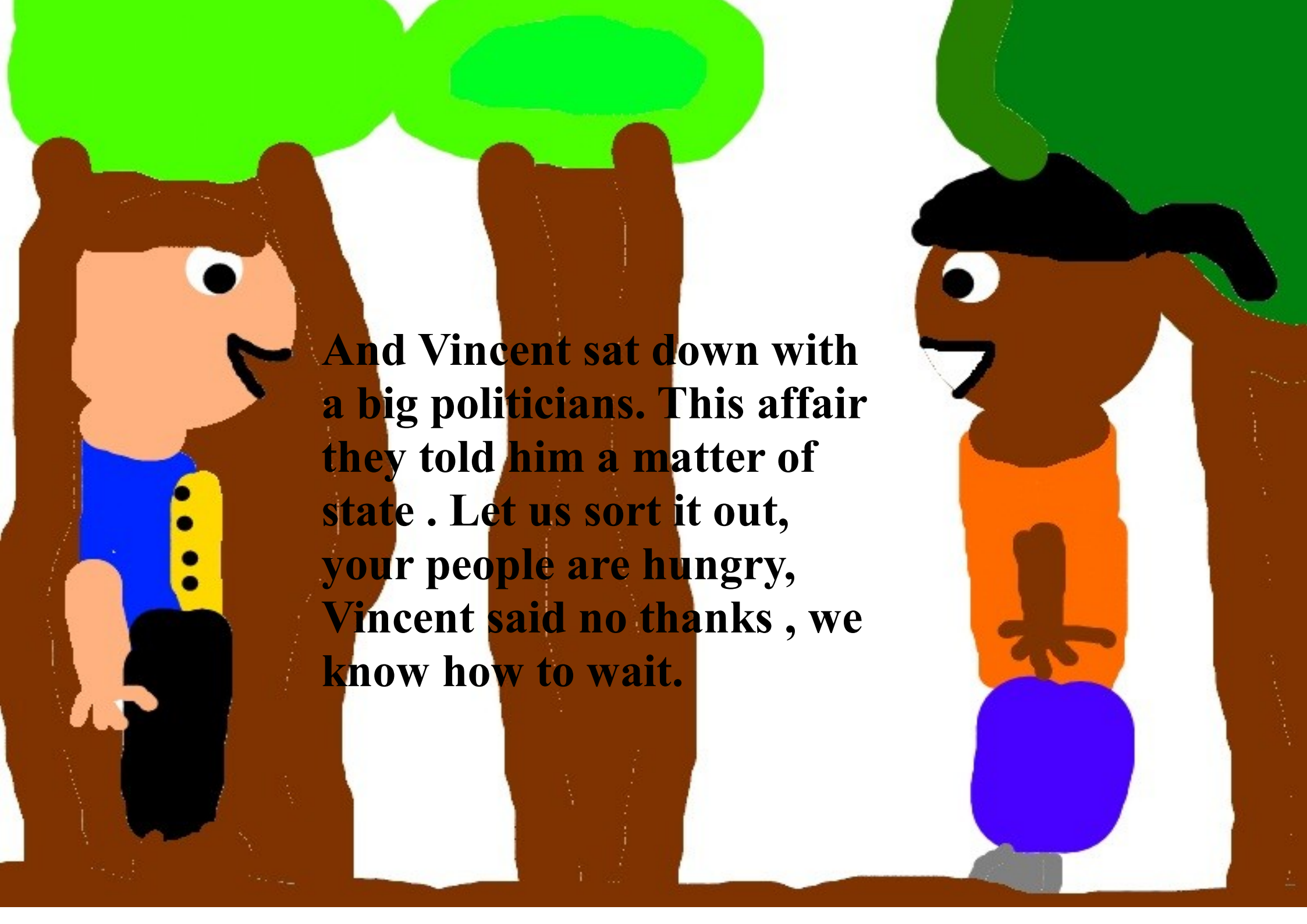


**From little things big things grow**  
**From little things big things grow**



**Then Vincent Linairri boarded an  
Aeroplane . Landed Sydney, big city of  
lights. And daily he went round softly  
speaking his storey. To all kinds of men  
from all walks of life.**





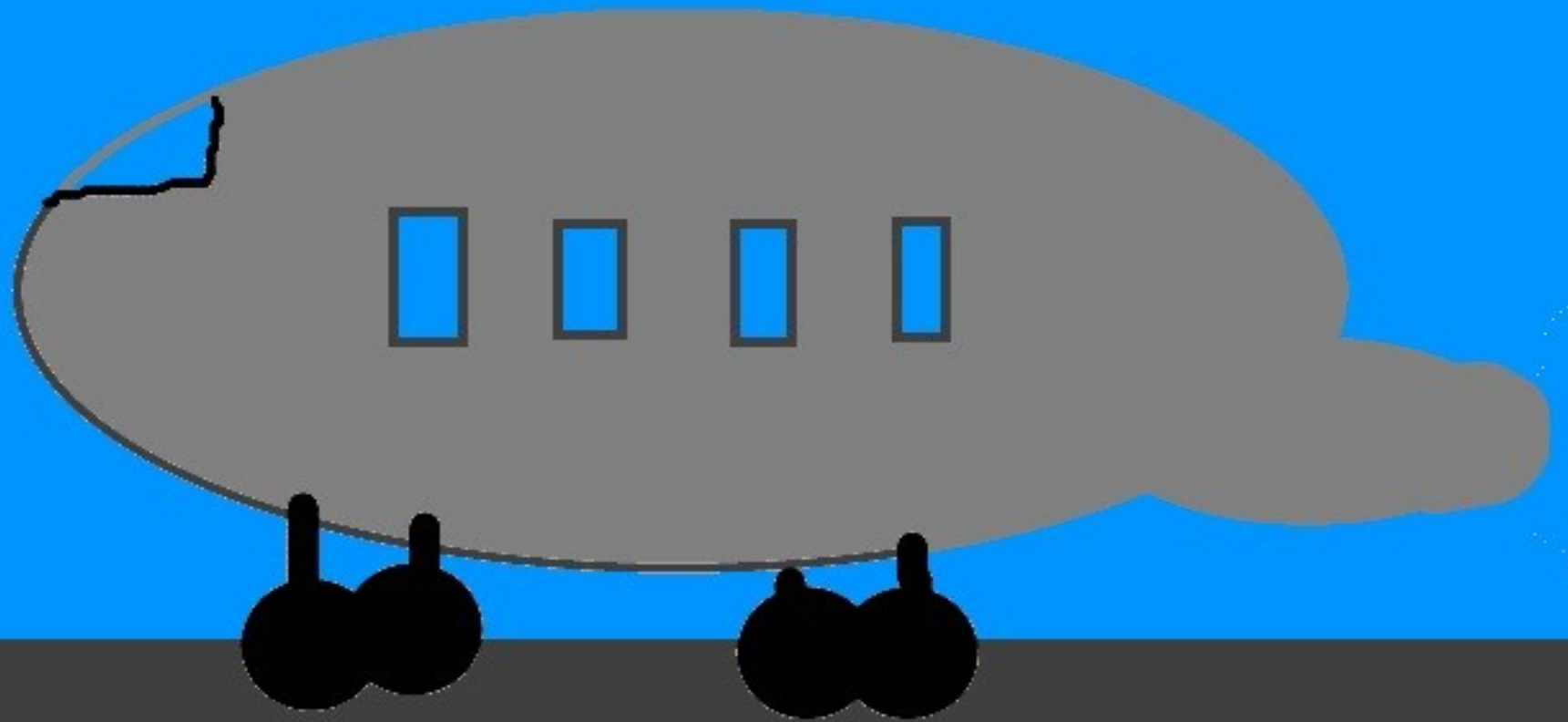
**And Vincent sat down with  
a big politicians. This affair  
they told him a matter of  
state . Let us sort it out,  
your people are hungry,  
Vincent said no thanks , we  
know how to wait.**



**From little things big things grow  
From little things big things grow**



**Than Vincent Lingiarri returned in an  
aeroplane .Back to his country once more  
to sit down . And he told his people let the  
star keep on turning .We have friends in  
the south, in the cities and towns.**



**Eight years went by, long years of waiting .Till one day a tall stranger appeared in the land and came with lawyers and he came with great ceremony . And though Vincent's finger poured a handful of sand.**



From little things big things  
grow  
From little things big things  
grow



**That is storey of Vincent Lingairri. But power and privilege can not move a people. Who know where they stand and in the law.**





From little things big things grow  
From little things big things grow  
From little things big things grow  
From little things big things grow

